

THE RURAL REPOSITORY.



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

VOL. XIII.—[IV. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1837.

NO. 26.

SELECT TALES.

From the Ladies Companion.

The Borrowed Pelerine.

In a fancy millinery establishment situated in the Faubourg St. Germain, was seated a young girl—lovely as spring, gay as a lark and confiding as goodness itself. She was busily engaged trimming a dress which she was anxious to finish in order to be at liberty to set out on a party of pleasure. ‘Mon Dieu! I hear St. Sulpice sounding Vespers,’ she exclaimed, ‘and I have promised to be at a house in the Champs Elysses by four o’clock, where the lady awaits to accompany me to Versailles, and I have no time to dress myself. My dear Rose, pray finish this trimming and I will oblige you in the same way when it is your time to go out.’

Rose could not refuse the supplicating Julie, but pouting, took the dress of her companion, saying, ‘you will have a superb day—rain and tempest reserve themselves for my visiting day.’

Without replying to this ill-natured observation, Julie prepared to quit the counter, but stopped with an air of indecision at the door of the back shop—fear and desire were both expressed on her charming countenance, she hesitates—but vanity overruled discretion in her heart, and pretending to have forgotten something, she returned to the counter. She cast a glance at Rose, who was seated at a distance occupied with the trimming, and quickly opening a box, she took from it an embroidered Pelerine, and covering it with her pocket-handkerchief, tripped up to her chamber. ‘Madame will not come home until after I have returned,’ she said, ‘and I can replace the Pelerine in the box, and no one will ever know I have borrowed it—and then Gustave will be so charmed, for Gustave does so admire elegant dress.’

Gustave was the head clerk of the merchant who supplied the shop to which Julie was attached. It was there they first became acquainted. Affection soon followed, and as the young man was ardent, and Julie candid, their vows were soon exchanged. Gustave

had frequently urged Julie to ride out with him into the country, but she had refused; but when he proposed taking a relative with him, she consented to the wishes of her lover.

‘I am afraid I have kept you waiting, Madame,’ said Julie, as she entered the parlor of Madame Mulner, the relative of Gustave. The lady assured her she was in time, while Gustave presented a friend of his, who, he whispered, was soon to espouse the widow Mulner. A delta which was waiting at the door, received the four young people, and they were soon on the route to Versailles.

The hours pass quickly to those who love, and while our party were wandering among the shady lanes, illuminated by the moon’s rays, and imbibing the fresh air, fragrant with the perfume of orange trees, the clock struck ten.

‘Is it so late?’ exclaimed Julie, with dismay, ‘I shall be locked out, do let us go home.’

‘We shall soon be in Paris,’ said Gustave, ‘and if it should happen that your house is closed, Madame Mulner will with pleasure receive you at hers.’

‘That will never do,’ cried Julie, weeping, and heedless of the offers of Madame Mulner and Gustave. The carriage stopped a few steps from the shop, and Gustave, who cared not, on Julie’s account, to be seen with her, begged his friend to give her his arm to the door. It was, however, in vain they called and knocked; they received no answer. Probably the inmates had been ordered not to arise, and seeing their efforts were useless, the young man led Julie back to the carriage.

The distress of the young girl was great. ‘Oh, Gustave,’ she exclaimed, ‘you have ruined me forever.’

In vain were all their efforts to soothe her, and Gustave regretted the pleasure he had enjoyed should have been the cause of sorrow to his Julie. When they arrived at the house of Madame Mulner, he wished to entertain and console her, but she begged him to leave her.

‘Come to-morrow,’ she said, ‘to encourage me to appear before Madame, for she is so severe, especially towards an orphan who has no one to defend her.’

‘Can I not defend you, Julie?’

She shook her head while the tears dropped from her eyes. ‘Ah, by what title can you declare yourself my protector?’

Gustave embraced her in silence and departed, promising to return in the morning. Julie slept so ill that night, that she arose at six o’clock, begging Madame Mulner to accompany her home, and speak for her to her mistress.

‘Then you will not wait for Gustave?’

‘No I cannot, but you will see him and make my excuse to him.’

Julie appeared so wretched, that Madame Mulner consented to accompany her. In vain, however, was her intercession; Madame B. would not listen to Julie, but ordered her instantly to collect her clothes and never appear before her again. Madame Mulner endeavored to speak a few words in her favor, but with a glance, of contempt, Madame B. turned from her and entered another apartment.

‘Come with me,’ said the irritated Madame Mulner, ‘I will send by and by for your things.’

She seized Julie’s hand and carried her off, while she, overcome with grief at being so roughly dismissed, lost all recollection of the fatal borrowed Pelerine.

Seated at the bar of a court of justice, is a young girl, her head sunk upon her bosom, her hands clasped at her knees, and so pale, so motionless, as to resemble a marble statue of Grief. She had been weeping, but the tears had dried upon the cheeks they had withered. A curious crowd was around her, gazing on her with various sentiments, among which, however, compassion prevailed.

‘Poor child,’ said an old man, ‘they say she is already condemned.’

‘She is pretty,’ said another, ‘but what a pity she is so pale.’

‘Of what is this young girl accused?’ asked another who had just entered the hall.

This was addressed to an orange woman, who had left her shop to the care of a neighbor, that she might sooner learn the determination of the jury, who were shut up deliberating the case.

'They say,' she replied, 'the young girl is accused of stealing an embroidered Pelerine from the lady for whom she was working. A friend of the accused affirms on oath, that the unhappy girl only borrowed it to wear one evening, with the intention of replacing it, and was about to send it back, when she was arrested, on the suit of that wicked woman whom you see there. But let me tell you, she will fare the worse for having brought that poor child here, merely, on account of a vile piece of flowered muslin!'

'Mon Dieu!' exclaimed an old soldier, gazing at the accused, 'it is Mademoiselle Julie, the daughter of our colonel, who was killed at Wagram!' and dashing the tears from his eyes, he disappeared from the court.

While the audience in the court-room were thus occupied gazing upon, and talking about, the unfortunate Julie, the jury were busily weighing the case, and at last felt forced, by the laws, and by their consciences, to condemn her. One jurymen alone listened in silence and earnest attention to all which had been said, and felt great regret that one so young, and hitherto so good, should have her young days so cruelly blasted, merely for a movement of vanity, and without having committed a premeditated fraud. He addressed the jury with fervor, and the holy eloquence of charity spoke to their hearts, softened their rigor of justice, and at length every one concurred in the opinion of the defender of Julie. As the jury entered the court a solemn silence prevailed. The foreman stood forth, and declared the case had been faithfully examined, and the jury pronounced the accused acquitted.

Thunders of applause burst from every voice and every heart around. A young man rushed through the crowd and stood beside Julie. She started on hearing his voice, and crying.—'Oh, I am not a thief!' fell insensible into the arms of Gustave, and the crowd gave way as he passed out with his tender burden. Madame Muluer joined them, whispering, 'A carriage awaits us before the court house;' and the party disappeared from the eyes of the joyful and commiserating spectators.

The above narrative was obtained from the compassionate jurymen, who had the pleasure of saving the young girl from a sentence of infamy. He has often said, that was the happiest day of his life.

Lawsuits.—A person once remarked, that 'Going to law was the art of cutting one's throat with a pen.'

BIOGRAPHY.

From the Pearl and Galaxy.

James S. Buckingham, Esq. M. P.

As this gentleman is reported to be on his way to this country, it may not be amiss to give a sketch of his life: after which, our readers will agree that the interest excited is not unmerited.

Mr. Buckingham was left an orphan, while an infant, and entered the East India Company's service at the age of eight years as a cabin boy. His intelligence, personal beauty, and amiable disposition soon won the affections of the officers, who nursed and played with him as if he were a baby rather than a friendless sailor boy. But it seemed as though Providence had set a hedge round about him, for these caresses, instead of spoiling, made him perform his duties with the more alacrity. He was taught to read and write in the forecastle by the sailors; and with this elementary knowledge, he procured books and soon acquired an almost incredible amount of useful information. About a year after entering as cabin boy, an event occurred, in which he exhibited that contempt of danger which has ever marked his subsequent career. The particulars of this event, we but faintly remember; but he was instantly promoted to the quarter deck. He continued his studies under the direction of those officers who had taken an interest in his welfare; and, after examination, was declared youngest and first midshipman on board.

In an action, in which he took part before he was fourteen, he displayed a prudence and foresight so much above his years that he was immediately promoted to a lieutenancy. His conduct far from exciting the jealousy of his brother officers, won their esteem. At eighteen, he was made first lieutenant, and at nineteen, commander of one of the best ships in the company's service; being the youngest captain on naval record. Thus, without a friend in the world, he had attained the highest naval appointment in an honorable service. During this period his character for morality is unimpeachable. At this period, he had made several improvements in naval mechanics, but arrogance assumed the reward, to which he alone was justly entitled. His professional career was distinguished by many gallant actions, worthy of the best days of chivalry.—However, the fact that he was made commander of an East Indiaman, at nineteen years of age, is a sufficient recommendation; for in that service, 'success is merit.'

At what age he resigned his command, or what were his reasons for so doing, we are unable to determine. But his connexion with the navy must have closed in a manner honorable to himself, for we next find him editing

a newspaper in the company's East India possessions, and their official organ.

According to the company's charter, no foreigner could reside in India without its permission. It likewise had power to banish from its territories, all whom it deemed dangerous. To effect this banishment, no ceremony was necessary, farther than the Governor's sign Manual, at whose caprice property might or might not be declared confiscated:

In a short time Mr. Buckingham's journal became celebrated for its temper and ability. He had amassed a large fortune, and his family was increasing. His influence over the commercial interests of India excited the jealousy of the company, and they were anxious to find a pretext for his banishment. This was soon afforded. The Governor had been guilty of one of those oppressions, which make the Indian History a tale of horror, and Mr. Buckingham made the official announcement. But this was not all, he commented on the Governor with great severity, and with all the eloquence of which he was master, pleaded the cause of the poor natives, whose only crime was the possession of a few paltry ounces of gold. This article afforded the wished for pretext; a party of soldiers was instantly ordered out and valiantly marched against Mr. Buckingham's establishment; defaced the types and broke the presses. He was also ordered to quit the territories within forty-eight hours; this time was afterwards lengthened to ten days.

This treatment, of course, destroyed his prospects, and being obliged to dispose of his remaining property at so short a notice, his fortune was almost confiscated. To this arbitrary proceeding he had no alternative save submission; but candor must allow, that in this case, success is not the criterion by which we ought to judge of his merits.—Thus was the germ planted, which was destined to become the Upas to the East India Company's absolute power, and which, its officers had so cruelly, shamefully, and tyrannically exercised. It may be added that the governor offered to rescind the banishment, and indemnify Mr. B. for his loss, if he would apologize, and retract the offensive remarks. But, as the government might have known, he was not a man to be coaxed into a compromise of his principles. They might have put him to the torture, and he would have borne it without a groan, but to basely truckle, he had not a drop of blood in his veins which would permit it! He thus proved himself a man whom no power could intimidate.

In returning to England, or during his connexion with India, he made that tour through Mesopotamia, Egypt, and the Holy Land, the publication of which, has showed

him to be a historian of profound mind, as well as a dauntless traveler. Had Mr. Buckingham been engaged in no other work his name would be immortalized and himself a great man.

On his arrival in England, he prepared his work for the press, and commenced those lectures which have created such a sensation and revolution in the mercantile world.—These lectures were delivered in almost every large town in Great Britain, and raised a feeling against the East India Company, which with all their vast resources, they could not soothe, and finally caused the overthrow of that wicked monopoly. In this, some men might have been actuated by personal feeling, but we never heard of Mr. Buckingham alluding to his own case. Individual pique does not appear to have governed any part of his conduct; indeed, some have accused him of not telling the worst. Even his enemies admit, that his statements are incontrovertible, nor on any occasion, has he been accused of divulging secrets, which in honor, he was bound to keep. Truth was truly his buckler, and integrity, literally his shield.

It must be admitted, however, that Mr. Buckingham was placed in a situation of peculiar delicacy. It might have been urged that had he never been oppressed, he never would have come out. But it was well known that while in India, he advocated the same principles. Therefore, had such an argument been advanced, by a reference to the files of his journal, it would have been controverted.

We have already trespassed on our space, therefore, we close rather abruptly, but we shall resume the subject at a future time.

MISCELLANY.

A Mother's Love.

BY MISS H. M. WINCHESTER.

On, what on earth is purer, or more like those glorious beings who inhabit the regions of light and holiness, than a mother's love? What is so durable—so blended in continuance with life itself, so powerful, and yet so gentle, in the human soul, as that rich fountain of affection—a mother's tenderness?

The forbearing, the devoted mother—what change of circumstances, of character, or of fortune, can bring a blight upon the deep, still, and eternal glow of her affection! what can fling a shade over the unearthly brightness of that flame which burns on the altar of her secret soul, and which would sooner consume existence itself, than be darkened or diminished! Go, search the wide world over, and then return and sit down in the quiet of thy own dwelling, give thy fancy wing and let it dwell on all that's beautiful and deathless in the human character, and learn if thou canst find a thing, or imagine a perfection more

akin to the high-born nature of angels, than a mother's love. A MOTHER'S LOVE! Oh what magic is in that sound! how it vibrates through all the soul, and attunes every string to the softest harmony. It recalls to mind the day of ignorance and innocence, when we were fondled upon a mother's knee, when we were tenderly pressed to her bosom, and soothed and caressed by her ever gentle voice.

Oh, what season of life is like that of childhood! so fraught with thornless roses, and the delicious music of the heart! Who that has felt the bright glow of that sunshine fade from his brow, and sees the dark cloud of riper years gathering around him, would not most joyfully shrink back into the bosom of blissful ignorance, and be forever a sinless child? for Knowledge, with all the rich streams of felicity which she pours upon her favorite child, still plants a pang in his bosom as unending as her own duration.

I have looked on a fair and joyous child, and thought on the depth of a mother's love, until I have fancied myself almost in the regions of purity, surrounded by those bright streams which forever gush from the Fountain of Life Eternal—and then I have awaked from that blissful spell, and thought how the innocent being, (if spared by death,) was doomed to pass far beyond his then beautiful path, and find his feet among thorns and pitfalls, and deadly snares, to struggle with anxiety and disappointment, to meet the contempt of the heartless world, to see friendships decay, and perhaps to be led away by the pretended lovers of virtue, and plunged into the midst of infamy and wretchedness! Then there was a bright, enduring star, which shone out upon this dark and mournful picture, to illuminate the heart of the desolate wanderer, and to fling the ray of pure light over the gloom of his weary path. This star, which will follow him through every misfortune, vice, and degradation, and which will linger with mornlike radiance over his lowly grave—this star, the rich light of every filial bosom, is—A MOTHER'S LOVE.

The Family of Logues.

The crier of a neighboring County Court was upon a certain occasion, required to go to the Court House door and as is usual in the absence of a witness, call out for Philip Logue, one of the sons of Erin, who was summoned in a case then pending. The man of the baton accordingly stepping to the door, sung out at the top of his voice, 'Philip Logue!' A wag of a Lawyer, happening to be passing the door, at the time, whispered in his ear 'Epilogue, also,'—'Epi Logue,' sung out the crier. 'Deca Logue,' said the lawyer, in an under tone. 'Deca Logue,' again sung out the crier at the top of his

voice. Apologue whispered the Lawyer.—Apo Logue,' reiterated the crier, at the same time expostulating with the lawyer, 'you certainly want the whole of the family of the Logues.' 'Prologue,' said the persevering lawyer. 'Pro-Logue,' rung again through the halls of the Court House, from the stentorian lungs of the public crier, attracting the attention of every body, and shocking even the tympanum of the dignitaries on the bench themselves, who, not understanding the cause of his vociferousness, despatched the Sheriff, with all haste, to stop the constable from his further summonses of the family of the Logues.

Peace.

THERE are moments in life when we sigh for peace. When the heart is wearied with life's excitements, and would be at rest. When there is no pleasant sound in the merry laugh, and even the smiling lip reflects no pleasure. When we turn this from the hollow and troublesome vanities of life let us not forget that there is a peace which passeth all understanding; a rest for the soul, even in this life—a repose that cannot be broken rudely upon by the wild commotions of a restless and contending world.

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1837.

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.—The present number closes the volume. We return our thanks to all who have in any way aided us in our labors, by their patronage or otherwise, and trust to merit a continuance of their favor. All papers will be discontinued, as is usual at the end of each volume, until again ordered. We hope Agents and others, who have heretofore showed their good will by obtaining subscribers, will not forget us these hard times, when their exertions are so much the more needed.

 New Subscribers can be furnished with all the previous numbers of the present volume, and all the back volumes except the 1st and 2d.

 Notes under Five Dollars taken in payment for the REPOSITORY, as usual.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

O. R. C. Clinton, Mich. \$075; P. M. Warwick, Mass. \$5.00; A. E. O. Granville, N. Y. \$1.00; M. L. South Hingham, Mass. \$1.00; W. W. Manchester, Vt. \$1.00.

MARRIED.

At Auburn, on Wednesday, the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hopkins, Mr. C. J. Seymour, (late of the Cayuga County Bank,) to Miss Nancy, daughter of William Woods, Esq. formerly of this city.

At Charleston, Kane Co. Ill. on the 11th inst. Mr. Edward Bunker, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin Territory, to Miss Maria Ann Howard, of the former place.

DIED,

In this city, on the 20th inst. Charlotte, daughter of Nathan Jessup, in her 2d year.

On the 20th inst. Ephraim, son of Henry Asable, in his 9th year.

On the 25th inst. Charles, son of Peter and Lydia Melius, aged 17 months.

On the 27th inst. Jane L. daughter of James and Jane Eliza Van Buren, in the 3d year of her age.

On the 29th inst. William, son of Nathan Jessup, in his 9th year.



SELECT POETRY.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Chronicle.

O! What are Earth's Flowers!

O! what are earth's flowers?
A perishing race,
Whose brightness the beams
Of the mid-day efface.
The Autumn wind sweeps them,
So brief is their stay,
Like dews of the morning,
Forever away.

And what are earth's pleasures?
Alas they are frail
As the reed which is broken
By summer's soft gale,
Like the flowers, they wither
And die ere the light
Which awoke them to beauty
Is shrouded in night.

The joys of our childhood,
Though first to depart,
Are purest and brightest,
And fix on the heart
A something to gaze on
In long after years,
Like the smile of an infant
When seen through its tears.

It is dear to look back
On the days which were ours
When Hope, promise-laden,
Cast around us her flowers.
Still they smile from afar,
Like the sunbeam when thrown
On the iceberg that floats
Through the cold sea alone.

Walter Scott and Washington Irving.

BY JAMES NACK.

God bless thee, Walter Scott!
For thou hast blessed mankind,
And flung upon their lot
The brightness of thy mind,
And filled the soul with pleasures
None other can impart,
And stored the mind with treasures,
And purified the heart.
Shame on them who abuse
Their gifts of peerless price,
And prostitute the muse
To passion or to vice!
Who pour into the mind
The bitterness and gall
Which makes us hate mankind,
Ourselves, and heaven and all!
We leave their withering page
For thine, with healing rife,
The fevered soul assuage,
And drink the stream of life!
Thy shrine is virtue's altar,
Thy fame without a blot;
God bless thee, dear SIR WALTER!
God bless thee, WALTER SCOTT!

One only son of light
Attends thy cloudless path,
In purity as bright
As thy own spirit hath;

To charm away distress,
To comfort, to delight,
To teach, to aid, to bless,
He shares thy wizard might.
His muse from virtue's shrine
Hath never turned astray,
Nor ever breathed a line
That love could wish away;
The temple of the free
Is radiant with his fame,
His country's glory he—
And IRVING is his name.
God's blessing on ye both!
Twin heirs of glory's prize!
How often, when I loathe
All that around me lies,
When in the crowded world
I feel myself alone,
From all communion hurled
That by the rest is known,
Debarred, by fate's control,
From every human sound,
And burying my soul
In solitude profound—
Oh, then, ye glorious pair!
I seek the world ye give,
And find a kindred there
With whom I love to live.
Your precious magic nerving
My soul to bear its lot—
God bless thee, gentle IRVING!
God bless thee, WALTER SCOTT!

Mrs. BARBAULD, the author of many admired pieces, died at Stoke Newington, March 9th, in the 82d year of her age. In her 80th year (says the Troy Sentinel) this eminent woman wrote the following lines, entitled 'A Thought on Death.' The truth of the concluding stanza is said to have been most beautifully and impressively exemplified in the calm triumph of her own departure.

A Thought on Death.

WHEN life in opening buds is sweet,
And golden hopes the spirit greet,
And youth prepares his joys to meet,
Alas! how hard it is to die!
When scarce is seized some borrowed prize,
And duties press; and tender ties
Forbid the soul from earth to rise,
How awful then it is to die!
When one by one those ties are torn,
And friend from friend is snatched forlorn,
And man is left alone to mourn,
Ah! then how easy 'tis to die!
When trembling limbs refuse their weight,
And films, slow gathering, dim the sight,
And clouds obscure the mental light,
'Tis nature's precious boon to die!
When faith is strong, and conscience clear,
And words of peace the spirit cheer,
And visioned glories half appear,
'Tis joy, 'tis triumph then to die!

To a Group of Playing Children.

LAUGH on, while yet the rosy blush
Of childhood's morning tints your skies;
Laugh on, while yet the kindling flush
Is on your cheeks and in your eyes;
I would not tell to make you grieve,
How soon that mirth will pass away;
That morning fade, and only leave
The broad, dull light of common day.
It makes my very spirit glad
To see your mirth and careless joys;

And may you never be more sad
Than you are now, my bright eyed boys?
But I can read on every face—
A something upon every brow,
Which will not pass without a trace
Of things you are not dreaming now.

First, passions wild and dark and strong,
And hopes and powers and feelings high!
Then manhood's thoughts, a rushing throng,
Shall sink the cheek and dim the eye,
And brows shall grow all pale with care,
And lips shall writhe in scorn or pain,
And age come on with hoary hair—
And sadly tend to earth again.
And cherished fancies, one by one,
Shall slowly fade from day to day;
And then, from weary sun to sun
Ye will not have the heart to play.
But oft, amidst the shifting scene,
You'll smile on childhood's thoughtless joy,
And wish you had forever been
A careless, laughing, happy boy.

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
RURAL REPOSITORY,

Devoted to Polite Literature, such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

On Saturday, the 24th of June, 1837, will be issued the first number of the Fourteenth Volume (Fifth New Series) of the **RURAL REPOSITORY**.

On issuing the proposals for a new volume of the Rural Repository, the publisher tenders his most sincere acknowledgements to all contributors, Agents and Subscribers, for the liberal support which they have afforded him from the commencement of this publication. New assurances on the part of the publisher of a periodical which has stood the test of years, would seem superfluous, he will therefore only say, that it will be conducted on a similar plan and published in the same form as heretofore, and that no pains or expense shall be spared to promote their gratification by its further improvement in typographical execution and original and selected matter.

CONDITIONS.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be published every other Saturday, in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 208 pages. It will be printed in handsome style, on Medium paper of a superior quality, with good type; making, at the end of the year, a neat and tasteful volume containing matter equal to one thousand duodecimo pages, which will be both amusing and instructive in future years.

TERMS.—The Fourteenth volume, (Fifth New Series) will commence on the 24th of June next, at the low rate of *One Dollar* per annum in advance, or *One Dollar and Fifty Cents* at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies and one copy of either of the previous volumes. **No** subscriptions received for less than one year.

Names of subscribers with the amount of Subscriptions to be sent by the 24th of June or as soon after as convenient, to the publisher, **WILLIAM B. STODDARD.**
Hudson, Columbia Co., N. Y. 1837.

EDITORS, who wish to exchange, are respectfully requested to give the above a few insertions, or at least a notice, and receive Subscriptions.

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All orders and Communications must be *post paid*, to receive attention.

JW